

The Tarboro' Southerner.
A Family Periodic and Political Newspaper.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
CHARLES & BIGGS,
JAMES G. CHARLES, WILLIAM BIGGS.
The Southerner is one of the oldest and largest journals in North Carolina, and as one of the institutions of the country, and the organ of Edgecombe County, its conductors will strive to direct it in the interest of the State and Country at large, and they will spare no pains to make it a fit representative of the section from which it emanates.
The subscription price is Three Dollars a year. Two Dollars for Six Months, and must be paid IN ADVANCE. Money may be sent by mail, at the risk of the Publishers.

PROFESSIONAL.
L. D. PENDER,
ATTORNEY,
HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE. HE now occupies an Office in the new building of Messrs. Shaw & McCabe, (up stairs) opposite the Court House.
Those desiring his services will find him there at all hours in the day and until 10 o'clock at night.
In this connection, he would respectfully request as county solicitor, that the magistrates of the county, would return all State warrants to the Clerk as soon as they conveniently can, after acting upon them.
Jan 10 6-4f

ASB. BIGGS, J. EDWIN MOORE
BIGGS & MOORE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Tarboro', N. C.
WILL attend the Courts in the Counties of Martin, Bertie, Pitt, Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash, Wilson and Wayne, and also the Federal, Bankrupt and Supreme Courts. Strict attention paid to the collection and adjustment of claims, and to cases in Bankruptcy.
August 1, 1867. 35-4f

DOSSEY BATTLE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Collections made—if possible.
HAVING PROVIDED MYSELF with all the necessary blanks &c., and having effected an arrangement with a Register to visit Rocky Mount, whenever papers are presented—thereby saving parties the trouble of leaving home—I am prepared to transact business in Rocky Mount with the utmost dispatch.
Jan 10 6-4f

DR. R. F. ROBERTSON,
DEN TIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office at the George House, where he can be found on Monday and Tuesday of each week.
May 2, 1867. 22-4f

NOTICE.
A. E. RICKS, D. D. L. would respectfully say to the Citizens of Tarboro' and its vicinity, that he is again in the practice of his Profession—and will in the future as in the past—endeavor to discharge his duty faithfully for all those who require his service.
Address, Rocky Mount, N. C.
Feb. 3, 1869. 10-4f

NEW YORK.
DANCY, HYMAN & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 24 Exchange Place,
NEW YORK.
September 26th 1867. 32-4f

WM. BRYCE & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
29 Chambers and 5 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO the sale of Cotton in this Market, on which liberal advances will be made and T. & A. paid on application to R. Chapman, Sept. 19. 41-4f

JOHN K. HOYT,
of Washington, N. C., with
CHICHESTER & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Hardware.
No 16, Barclay Street, near Astor House,
New York.
All orders promptly attended to.
Feb. 10 11-4f

HATCH, ESTES & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 132 Front Street, Corner of Pine
New York.
CONSIGNMENTS OF COTTON AND all other goods made and all orders promptly executed.
Oct. 10. 41-4f

Tannahill, McIlwaine & Co.,
Co. Import Merchants,
130 Pearl Street,
New York.
Strict Personal Attention given to
COTTON.
BEST ROLL AND GUNNY BAGGING, Rope and Iron furnished at lowest market rates.
Taxes on Cotton will be paid by our friends. Messrs. D. Pender & Co., Matthew Waddell, Esq., Messrs. Smith & Williams, Tarboro', N. C., J. E. Lindsey, Brown & Phippen or Messrs. G. H. Brown & Co., Washington, N. C.
Aug. 29, 39-4f

A. T. BRUCE & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND
General Commission Merchants,
For the Sale of Cotton and other Southern Produce.
No. 166 Pearl Street,
NEW YORK.
PARTIES Shipping Cotton to us can be accompanied with funds to pay Tax by calling on Messrs. Brown & Phippen or Mr. H. D. Teel Tarboro'.
Property covered by Insurance as soon as started.
Oct 19-46-4f

DISOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP
The copartnership between HERTON, Bryan, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
MELAMBY & BRYAN.
April 29, 1868.
Mr. Gray Bryan is the only one authorized to sign the name of the above firm.
May 7. 39-4f

The Tarboro' Southerner

"I Am a Southern Man, of Southern Principles."—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

VOLUME XLIV.

TARBORO', EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1868.

NUMBER 26.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, U. S. Internal Revenue, 2d District North Carolina, WILMINGTON, N. C., May 1, 1868.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned, that I have received from Jennings Pigott, Assessor for this District, the annual list of Taxes for 1868. Said list embraces Special Taxes, Income and articles enumerated in Schedule A, Internal Revenue Law; they will be due and payable on or before the 20th of May, 1868. If payment is delayed beyond the expiration of that time, a penalty of five per cent, will be added, together with twenty cents for notice, and four cents per cent for travel in serving it.

Taxes for New Hanover County are payable to me at my office in Wilmington, at Beaufort County to J. D. Southland, at Kenansville.
For Wayne County to H. L. Grant, at Beaufort County to S. P. Wright, at Tarboro'.
For Edgecombe County, to H. H. Shaw at Tarboro'.
For Pitt County, to W. A. Cherry, at Greenville.
For Lenoir County, to one of my Deputies, who will attend at the Assistant Assessor's office, Winston, from May 11th to the 14th.
For Craven County, to G. L. Estes, at Newbern.

For Carteret County, to John Hedrick, at Goldston.
For Greene County, to one of my Deputies, who will attend at Snow Hill, from May 14th to the 16th.
For Jones County, to one of my Deputies, who will attend at Trenton, from May 11th to the 16th.
For Onslow County, to one of my Deputies, who will attend at Jacksonville, from May 11th to the 20th.

L. G. ESTES,
Collector Int. Rev. 2d Dist. N. C.
May 7. 23-4f

AGENTS WANTED
To sell the superb New Engravings
IDEAL HEADS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.
DRAWN BY
CHARLES J. BARRY.
Reproduced on Stone in Paris by
Lafosse and Fuhre.
The Most Eminent Lithographer in the World.
N. Y. & L. E. 11-4f

**The Angel of the Hospital,
At the Front,
Before the Battle,
Army News.**
Price \$2.50 each or the whole set for \$10. Great inducements can be offered to Agents. Send copies or the set will be sent by mail post-paid, on receipt of price. Read the following:

TESTIMONIALS.
"An admirable specimen of Art"—*Overland Monthly*.
"These Heads in the delivery of both drawing and printing are worthy of the highest commendation."—*Overland Monthly*.
"Never were there more speaking faces than these revelations of sublime womanhood."—*Overland Monthly*.
"The conceptions have great purity and delicacy."—*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe*.
"Most pronounced each in its own individuality."—*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe*.
"Creditable to his genius as an artist."—*Dr. J. C. H. Brown*.
"The ideal female heads, typical of the faces of American women, represent with fidelity their characteristics, their sympathies, their moods and attachments."—*Philadelphia Press*.
"The subjects are handled with the spirit and pathos which are Barry's drawings."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.
"Parlor adornments, they are not but the most beautiful."—*Phil. Methodist Home Journal*.
Agents wanted everywhere. Address: L. D. ROBINSON, Publisher, Springfield, Mass. 21-4f

**R. A. SIZER,
SADDLE
AND
HARNESS
MANUFACTURER,
TARBORO',
N. C.**
N. C. 1-4f

"SOUTHERNER"
**BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.**
We have just refitted our entire
Job Office
in the most thorough manner, and are now prepared to execute all
JOB WORK
equal to ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE
and on TERMS that can be but satisfactory to all.

**BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
&C.,**
executed in the best style and most speedy manner.
To do this has required considerable outlay and we trust

**Our friends will fully
Appreciate the Fact
and govern themselves accordingly.**
Wanted.
SECOND HAND LAW AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS on Consignments to the owners and to our customers. Send on the consignments to
BRANSON & JONES,
Successors to BRANSON, FARR & CO.,
Raleigh, N. C.

The North Carolina Business Directory for 1867-'68.
IS NOW IN PRESS AND WILL BE issued soon. It will be by far the largest collection of North Carolina Statistics ever published, representing all the Counties. Directories like Hall Roads, shorter time and space and facilitate business. Price \$2.
BRANSON & JONES,
Raleigh, N. C.
L. BRANSON, Agent,
N. C. Business Directory, Mar 17 1868

The Tarboro' Southerner.

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1868

Artemus Ward as a Farmer.
The Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited Artemus Ward to address them on the occasion of their annual Fair, he wrote the President of the Society as follows:
NEW YORK, June 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver and address before your excellent agricultural society.
I feel flattered, and think I will come.
Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturist will be acceptable; and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write to you through the Press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some forty years.
My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my hands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, hay, oats; but as I have no hay to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.
My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lecturing."
These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.
Two years ago I tried sheep-raising. I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres. It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lumps as they danced gaily over the hillsides. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, "We must have some shepherd dogs."
I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said:
"We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago."

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is an old and a true farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—sleek-colored, hazel eyed, long-tailed, and sharply-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.
"Turn them in, Eli," I said.
Eli turned them in.
They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.
My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of dogs.
These dogs were not partial to sheep. Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:
"Waal! did you ever?"
I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green sward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.
The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.
Thus closed their life-stories. Thus ended their interesting tale.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a shepherd, I was not a success.
Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."
We cut some grass.
To me the new mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer; so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of us hay-to-day. But new mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man or beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.
I was going to mow, myself.
I saw the sturdy peasants go round once or I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.
"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.
"I am here!"
"Then follow us!"
I followed them.
Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low, firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me:
"John, change places with me. I hain't got much longer to live, any how. Youder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I carried there with one leg off and terble gashes in the other or not! But you, John—you are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"
"What mean you, old man?" I said.
"I mean that if you continue to brainish that blade as you have been brainishin' it, you'll slash hell out of some of us before we're an hour older!"
There was some reason mingled with

this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.
I went and sat down under a tree.
"I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."
Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared about two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.
At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag, and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!"
It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"
"Oh, no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say. "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it."
This was pleasant for Mr. Brown.

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and his hired girl were very near to each other. She said, "You shan't do so, you stop!"
It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"
"Oh, no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say. "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it."

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare knows hein't put up know cum and digged first crop up but soon got another in. Old Bissie who was frade, you cut his sons legs of Ses you better cut and stan up in field yerself with dressin gown on & gesses knows will way. This made Boys in the store lart, no More terday from Yours
respectful
ELI PERKINS,
his letter."

Proverbs of Solomon, Levi, Esq., Attorney at Law, on Women, etc.
With the rib of man was woman made. In her daughters you may easily trace the love of rib bones.
At the first wedding ceremony the bride groom slept. How many have since been left to the altar, lulled by some soft soap-orifice!
Woman shared with man the first apple, but she took the first bite.
This was curse of the world: "Woman shall wear fine clothes, and man shall pay for them."
Noseman had Eve seen Sat(yn), than she wished to clothe herself.
Ask a woman, what is meant by happiness, and she will reply, "a velvet dress with fourteen breadths to the skirt."

When cats wash their faces, bad weather is at hand; when women use washes to their complexions, it is a true sign that the beauty of the day is gone.
Many powder their faces, that their skins may seem white; it is as the pouter fowls an old hen, that it may pass for a tender chicken.
He who marries a pretty face only is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the freiside blaze.

Better is love and gingham, than coldness and cassimeres.
How many go to be married, because there will be a carriage to bring them home from church!
The house-keeping book is the thunder cloud of marriage. It is accompanied with lightning of the husband's purse.
The heart that breaks too easily is like an empty nut, that cracks readily from its very emptiness.
As harp-strings snap with the damp, so do a husband's strongest resolves with the tears of his wife.
Be not too affectionate; without bitterness there is no love.
The girl of beauty is not a stay-lace.

This is the only excuse for tight lacing: A good housewife should have no waste.
Store up this truth, Oh! woman: Be charitable unto thy fellow-sister. Imitate not the stage that chase from their herd their wounded companion.
A good woman is a Cremona fiddle; age only makes its tone the sweeter.
Brilliant of the first water are those given to stay the wife's first flood of tears.
She who wears false ringlets is like the fire of green wood; it has curls of smoke, but she who would kindle the flame must puff vigorously.
As birds are snared with hairs, so are many men with a woman's head-dress.

The voice of the virgin is soft as the cooing of the wood pigeon on St. Valentine's day. Her daughter is like the sound of distant bells ringing for a wedding.
She is timid as the Highland doe—He would creep near to her must do so—as deer-stalker do—on his knees.
At the voice of a man she flies, as a gazelle at the roaring of a lion.
But no sooner has she tasted wedding cake, than she grows bold, as the tiger that has eaten raw food.
Choose not your wives as you do grapes, from the bloom on them.
The wise wife opposes wrath with kindness. A sand bag will stop a cannon ball by its yielding.

How to have June all the year round—marry Jennie.
"Come rest in this bosom."

"Brick" Pomeroy on Mosquitos.
"Brick" Pomeroy, of the La Crosse, Wisconsin, Democrat, gives the following as his experiment in getting mosquitos intoxicated:
MUSQUITOS ON A BENDER.
Night before last, in order to sleep, we placed a piece of raw beef stake on a plate at the head of our bed. In the morning it was as dry of blood as an old sponge, and our skin saved at least two thousand perforations. All about the room in the morning, were musquitos, plerotic with blood, loaded till they could not fly. We killed a few but this job was too sanguinary so we left them to their feast.

Last night, in order to get even with the serenaders, we stepped a half a pound of fresh beef steak in some old rye whiskey and left it on a plate near the bed. Nothing like being hospitably inclined. In ten minutes after the light was extinguished a swarm of black biting bill posters made an advance movement toward the room. One of them crept up to the head of the bed, and there he was—sent in his bill—there was a slap—a dilated path—a dead mosquito! Soon we heard a tremendous buzzing about the whisky-soaked beef. The entire musquito family came singing in, and such an opera! But they did not disturb us with bites—we fell asleep to be awakened in ten minutes by the worst mosquito concert ever editor or any other man listened to. We raised a light and the greatest show of the season was then and there to be seen—Every musquito was drunk as a blind fiddler, and such an uproarious night as the long-billed whelps had, never was seen before. The worst antics! Some were playing circus on the plate—One big fellow, with a breadbasket like Falstaff, full of blood and whiskey, was dancing a juba, while a fat friend of his tribe lay on his back beating a tune on an invisible tubophone with one hand! Two more were wrestling on the foot-board of the bed, each with his bill stuck fast in the timber. Another was tying the legs of our pants into a bow knot to tie about the neck of Anna Dickinson, which hangs against the wall stand, while another red-stained customer was trying to stand on his head in the bowl.

All over the room were drunken mosquitos! One long billed gaunt representative was trying to run the musquito bottle full of newspaper clippings. Another chap was drilling a hole through a revolver handle and singing "My Mary Ann," while another was limping across the window sill in search of fresh air; to the agonizing tune of tramp—tramp—tramp! One little ram of a skeet was trying to jam the cock of a General Butler's eye with a tooth brush. Another drunken stamper of the musquito family, was talking Russian to a lot of drunken companions as they lay in a heap on a plate, while another one sat on the handle of our bowie knife, doubled up with a cramp in the stomach, and trying to untie his tail with his bill. He was a sick looking skeet, and died in three minutes after we saw him, her or it as the case may be. Two others took a bath in the inkstand. Another one was talking to the devil's narrative, was trying to wind our watch with a pen wiper, while another had just died as he was sitting on the rim of a dish in the room, trying to chant—"Mother I've come home to die!" Poor skeeter.

A nice skeeter, but "twas a pity he drank." An old veteran with a breadbasket full of 'alf and 'alf—blood and whiskey—sat on the table reading Les Miserables. While his wife was under the covers trying to mend he broken wing with a live toad he picked. She looked disgusted. Another one came up to his hair with a paper of pins. She placed a piece of white paper on his neck, pasted a five cent internal revenue on his tail and died like a loyal citizen. His last words were—
"Tell the traitors around you," etc., etc.

Another scamp has started out of the window for John B. Gough, or a stomach pump. A lot of belated set of bummers we never saw. They have acted fearful. About two thousand he about dead, but sadness seemed not to break in upon their hilarious rioting upon blood and whiskey. Half a dozen set on our new hat playing drunk poker, using worm lozenges for checks, while one of their party got elated, by making a fifty dollar blind good on a four flush, which didn't fly. He with a bill like the devil's narrative, was trying to wind our watch with a pen wiper, while another had just died as he was sitting on the rim of a dish in the room, trying to chant—"Mother I've come home to die!" Poor skeeter.

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Ancient Names of the Months.
December, which in the Anglo-Saxon ages stood first, was called Mid-winter month, the mid-winter-month.
January was denominated *Aefter Yule*, that is, after the feast called Yule, a pagan, riotous, lawless festival, observed at the same time of the year as our Christmas, and hence the origin of the Yule log, or Christmas block, still selected in some parts of the country for the Christmas fire.
February they called *Sol-month*, the sun month from the return of the sun at that season.
March they called *Rhede*, or Reth-month, the rough or rugged month.
April was called *Easter-month*, from a favorite Saxon goddess, whose festival was kept at that time.
May was called *Trimilch*, from the cows being then milked three times in the day.
June was called *Sere-month*, the dry month.
July was called *Maid-month*, the mead month, from the meadows being then in their bloom and beauty, or the people being then employed in hay-making.
August was called *Weed-month*, the month from the abundance of weeds at that time.
September was called *Harvest-month*, or the harvest month.
October bore the name of *Water-fylde*, or water fall, from winter approaching with the full moon of that moon.
November, their last month, they called *Blot-month*, blood month, from the blood of the cattle which were then slain and stored for winter provision.

The Future of the Negroes.
"Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John Randolph, Richard Lee, and a number of other prominent public men, met at a hotel in Washington in 1817, and organized the American Colonization Society. The Republic of Liberia is a noble and lasting monument of the success of the enterprise, which, against great opposition, has lived for more than half a century. From the annual report read at the anniversary last evening, we learn that 1,300 emigrants have been conveyed to the coast of Africa during the past year; \$60,000 expended in establishing a professorship, and \$10,000 added to the funds of the Society."—*New York Tribune*.

This society, organized under the auspices of the greatest American statesmen, and thus commended by the *New York Tribune*, is strange to say, at the very moment when many propitious circumstances conspire to render it successful, assailed with bitterness by most of the radical newspapers. There are thousands of negroes who anxiously desire to go to the land of their fathers and in establishing a professorship, and \$10,000 added to the funds of the Society."—*New York Tribune*.

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Initiating a Candidate into the Good Templars.
The method of initiating a candidate into a Lodge of Good Templars is but a slight improvement upon the same programme so long said to be in vogue by the ancient and honorable fraternity of the "Sons of Malta." A "chap" was taken from a larger beer saloon, where he got "right" without knowing that lager would intoxicate, and was put through a cold water treatment by the Good Templars a few evenings since. He "peached" on the Templars, and gives the following expose of their initiation ceremony, for which, no doubt, he will be put through another course of cold water "sprouts" at the next meeting of the Lodge:
In the first place the victim for initiation is blindfolded, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a cider press and pressed for five minutes. This is done for the purpose of clearing his system of "old drinks." He is then taken out of the cider press, and by means of a force pump gorged with cider water after which a sealing plaster is placed over his mouth, and he is rolled in a barrel four or five times across the room; the chair at the same time singing the cold water song. He is now taken out of the barrel, and hung up by the heel till the water runs through his ears. He is then cut down, and a beautiful young lady hands him a glass of cider water. A cold water bath is then furnished him, after which he is showered with cider water while the singer.

He is then made to drink the Water Works song ten times, drinking a glass of cider water between each reading, after which the old onken bucket is hung around his neck, and fifteen sisters, with squirt guns, deluge him with cider water. He is then forced to eat a peck of snow, while the brothers stick his ears full of icicles. He is then run through a clothes-wringer, after which he is handed a glass of cider water, and his boots are filled with the same, and he is laid away in a refrigerator. The initiation is now almost concluded. After remaining in the refrigerator for the space of half an hour, he is again taken out and given a glass of cider water run through a clothes wringer, and becomes a Good Templar.

The Drunkard's Cure.</